Instant Light

Tarkovsky Polaroids

Thames & Hudson

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Instant Light
Tarkovsky Polaroids
Edited by Giovanni Chiaramonte
and Andrey A. Tarkovsky
Introduction by Tonino Guerra

"Extraordinary . . . photographs in which the organization of color and light can only be matched by painters as precise as Vermeer. This is a real gem of a book." - *The Guardian*

"Tarkovsky often reflected on the way that time flies and this is precisely what he wanted: to stop it, even with these quick Polaroid shots. . . . These images leave us with a mysterious and poetic sensation, the melancholy of seeing things for the last time. It is as though Andrey wanted a swift way to pass his own enjoyment to others."
—Tonino Guerra, from the Introduction

Composed of sixty luminous polaroids taken by Andrey Tarkovsky in Russia and Italy between 1979 and 1984, this beautifully produced series of cameos from the director's life reveals him to be a master of the still image as well as of the moving one. The photos in the first section, taken in Russia, have the radiant melancholy of lengthening shadows and trees looming through misty dawns near Tarkovsky's country dacha, together with portraits of his wife, son and dog, and quotations from his later diaries. Those taken in Italy portray exquisite still lifes and glimmering ruins. The book concludes with photographs from Tarkovsky's personal collection.

Tarkovsky realizes here the utmost potential of a fleeting, disposable medium: his images seem to capture eternity in a moment.

With sixty color photographs

On the cover: San Gregorio, November 24, 1983.

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Edited by
Giovanni Chiaramonte and Andrey A. Tarkovsky

Foreword by Tonino Guerra

with 69 illustrations, 62 in color

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Tonino Guerra
A Fond Farewell

At my wedding in Moscow in 1977, Tarkovsky had a Polaroid camera in his hand, and he moved about happily with this instrument that he had discovered only recently. He and Michelangelo Antonioni were my witnesses at the wedding, and as was the custom then, it fell to them to choose the music for the band to play when the time came to sign the marriage certificate. They chose *The Blue Danube*.

Antonioni, too, made great use of a Polaroid at the time, and I remember that during a reconnaissance in Uzbekistan for a film that in the end we never made, he wanted to give three elderly Muslims a photograph he had taken of them. The eldest, after casting a brief glance at the image, gave it back to him, saying: 'Why stop time?' We were left gaping in wonder, speechless at this extraordinary refusal.

Tarkovsky often reflected on the way that time flies and this is precisely what he wanted: to stop it, even with these quick Polaroid shots.

Now here we are, enjoying this part of his work. Images like clouds of butterflies around the eyes of someone who felt the brevity of life, a perception unconnected with his illness, which as yet lay in the future, but linked to his awareness that everything is made up of fleeting glances, to be kept close at hand for a journey that sometimes gets rough.

Just thirteen kilometres from Moscow, at his country home at Myasnoye, he was happy to work in his garden or watch the sweat evaporate off a horse's back, creating wisps of mist. At least twice I watched the family leaving Moscow, and I also happened to witness their return, the car loaded down with sacks, paper parcels, and old suitcases. Their dog Dak was always the last to climb into the car on departure and the first to jump out when they came back. The last time, Andrey did not go up to their apartment on the thirteenth floor. We set out walking arm in arm along the dirt path toward the outskirts of our neighbourhood near the Mosfilm studios, where I was watching the birds eat breadcrumbs from the table on the terrace. He wanted to talk about his stay in the country, perhaps wanting to travel back there immediately with his words. He had taken the photographs that now I see again in this beautiful book. Glimpses of his wife, his son, and that world of pale mist where the dew creates pearls on the spider webs. In those images, the immense visions of Russia that, as you look at them, wrap around your face to your ears, were now shrunken down to fit right under your nose.

Later we were together for a long time in Italy, and I see again the marble portal of the tumbledown convent at Martirano that by now only

sheltered a big tree covered with autumn leaves, which from time to time would fall. He made a wish on the tree: 'If a leaf falls now while I am talking, it is a sign that my wife and son Andrey will get permission to join me in Italy.' But the leaf did not fall.

We travelled extensively from Naples southwards, where he was struck by the beauty of the Baroque architecture of Lecce and the vision of Trani Cathedral. By the time we finally arrived in Bagno Vignoni, the ideas for the structure of a film were entwined around a story he liked. I remember when we entered the little church on the edge of the water-filled square, where the mist rising from the water gave a sense of distance to the landscape of ancient houses. The warm light that morning streamed through the dusty windows and came to rest on faded decorations on a wall. He surprised me sitting on a pew, as though I were just the right shadow to accentuate the caress of the sun on the walls beyond my dark body.

These images leave with us with a mysterious and poetic sensation, the melancholy of seeing things for the last time. It is as though Andrey wanted a swift way to pass on his own enjoyment to others. They are something to be shared, not only a method of making his own wish to stop time come true. And they feel like a fond farewell.

Andrey Tarkovsky
Russia

The image is not a certain *meaning*,
expressed by the director,
but the entire world
reflected as in a drop of water.

An image
is an impression
of the Truth,
which God
has allowed us
to glimpse
with our
sightless eyes.

I had a strange dream last night:
I was looking up at the sky,
and it was very, very light, and soft;
and high, high above me
it seemed to be slowly boiling,
like light that had materialized,
like the fibres of a sunlit fabric,
like silken, living stitches
in a piece of Japanese embroidery.
And those tiny fibres, light-bearing, living threads,
seemed to be moving and floating
and becoming like birds, hovering, so high up
that they could never be reached.
So high that if the birds were to lose feathers
the feathers wouldn't fall,
they wouldn't come down to the earth,
they would fly upwards,
be carried off and vanish
from our world forever.
And soft, enchanted music
was flowing down from that great height.
The music seemed to sound
like the chiming of little bells;
or else the birds' chirping was like music.
'They're storks,' I suddenly heard someone say,
and I woke up.

I miss Tyapus
and Dakus terribly.

I dreamt of the quiet monastery cloister
with its enormous ancient oak tree.
Suddenly I become aware of a flame rising up
at a point among the roots,
and I realize that it is the flame
of many candles burning
in the secret underground recesses of the monastery.
Two frightened young nuns arrive.
Then the flame leaps high,
and I see that by now it is too late
to put out the fire – almost all the roots
have become burning embers.
I am deeply saddened by this,
and I try to imagine
what the cloister will be like
without the oak tree:
it will be useless, meaningless, miserable.

Lord! I feel You drawing near,
I can feel Your hand upon the back of my head.
Because I want to see Your world
as You made it,
and Your people
as You would have them be.
I love You, Lord,
and want nothing else from You.
I accept all that is Yours,
and only the weight of my malice and my sins,
the darkness of my base soul,
prevent me from being
Your worthy slave, O Lord!
Help me, Lord, and forgive me!

Today is Tyapa's birthday.
Happy birthday, my son.
I wish you many good things –
all the peace and kindness in the world, little one.
Be happy! And good night, angel of mine!

Tyapa, Lara, where are you, my dear ones?

How does a project mature?
It is obviously a most mysterious,
imperceptible process.
It carries on independently of ourselves,
in the subconscious,
crystallizing on the walls of the soul.
It is the form of the soul
that makes it unique,
indeed only the soul decides
the hidden 'gestation period' of that image
which cannot be perceived
by the conscious gaze.

For many millennia,
man has been striving after happiness;
but he is not happy. Why not?
Because he cannot achieve it,
because he does not know the way –
both these reasons.
Above all, however,
because in our earthly lives
there must not be ultimate happiness,
but only the aspiration towards it,
in the future;
there has to be suffering,
because it's through suffering,
in the struggle between good and evil,
that the spirit is forged.

Loneliness is beginning to weigh on me,
but it doesn't matter;
Lara and Tyapus will be here soon.

An artistic image
is one that ensures its own development,
its historical viability.
An image is a grain,
a self-evolving retroactive organism.
It is a symbol of actual life,
as opposed to life itself.
Life contains death.
An image of life, by contrast,
excludes it, or else sees in it
a unique potential
for the affirmation of life.

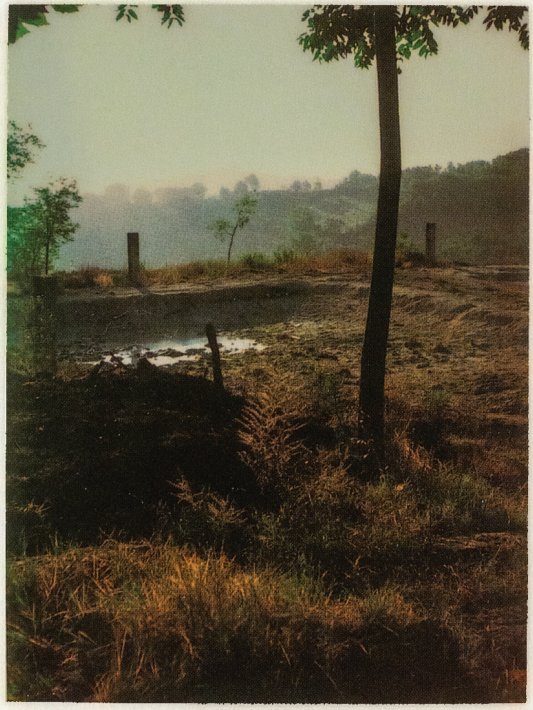
Andrey Tarkovsky

Italy

Whatever it expresses –
even destruction and ruin –
the artistic image
is by definition an embodiment of hope,
it is inspired by faith.
Artistic creation
is by definition a denial of death.
Therefore it is optimistic,
even if in an ultimate sense the artist is tragic.
And so there can never be
optimistic artists and pessimistic artists.
There can only be talent and mediocrity.

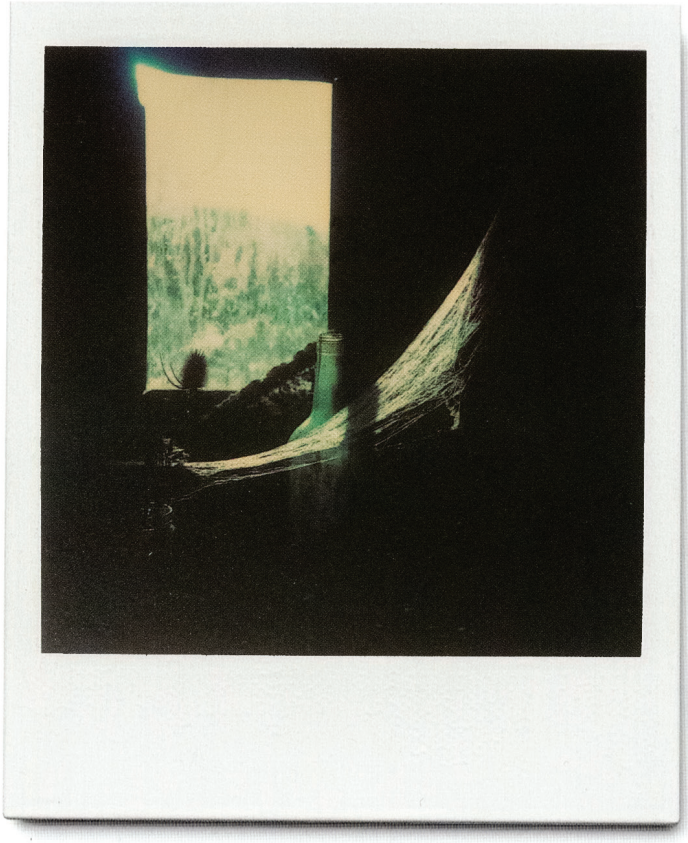
Sometimes I am filled with a sense
of absolutely breathtaking happiness,
which shakes my very soul,
and in those moments of harmony
the world around me
begins to look as it really is –
balanced and purposeful;
and my inner, mental structure or system
corresponds with the outer structure of the milieu,
the universe – and vice versa.
At those moments I believe myself to be all-powerful:
that my love is capable of any physical feat of heroism,
that all obstacles can be overcome,
that grief and yearning will be ended,
and suffering be transformed
into the fulfilment of dreams and hopes.
This is one of those moments.
I believe that Larissa will succeed
in bringing Andriushka here,
and that we shall drink orange juice
and eat ice-creams in Via Cola di Rienzo,
in the café Leroy.
I don't just believe it,
I *know* that's how it will be.

A young man on the roadside. Hitchhiking.
He puts up his hand, nobody stops.
Sad looking, with fair hair.
I was reminded of Tyapa.
He will grow up as well,
become an adult,
and will feel lonely.

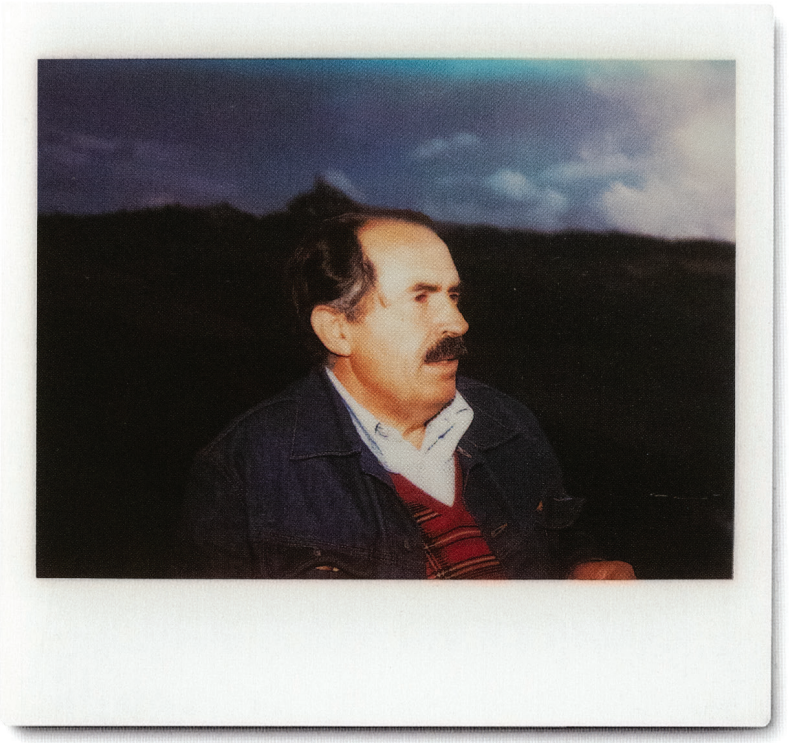


I want to talk with Lara about many things,
about our future life, in short, everything.
I miss her enormously, and I love her very much.
She is the only woman I really love;
I could never love another.
She means too much to me.

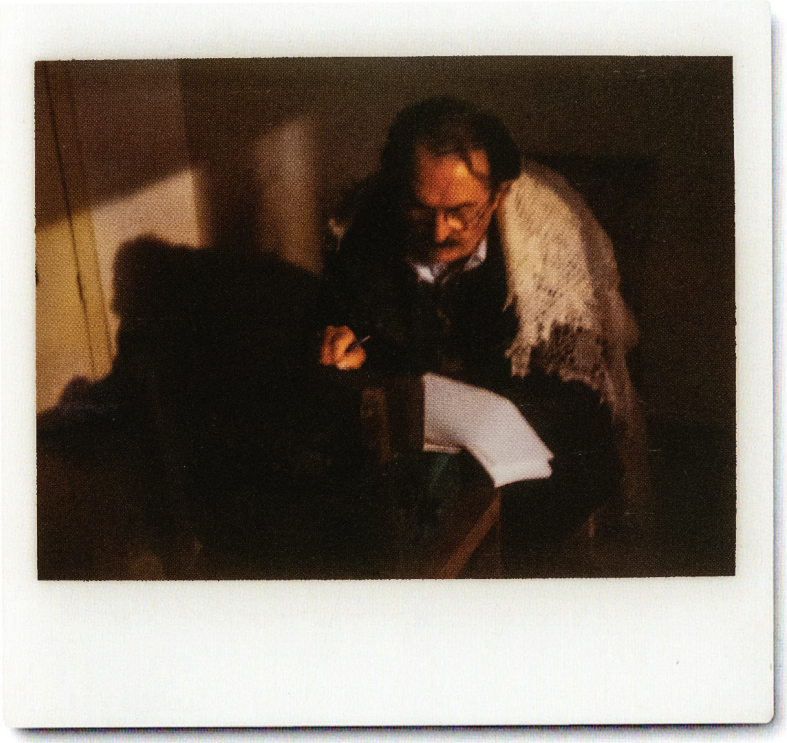
I went to Civitavecchia,
to see a cemetery in front
of a factory and a petroleum deposit.
Nothing special.
In the city I came upon
a strange old factory in ruins,
surrounded by cane thickets,
with holes in its tile roof,
and a tall smokestack.
And this whole structure
is surrounded on one side by the city
and on the other by a high hill.
The factory itself
seems to be standing in a ditch.
All this gives an impression
that is simply extraordinary.



Tonino is an angel.

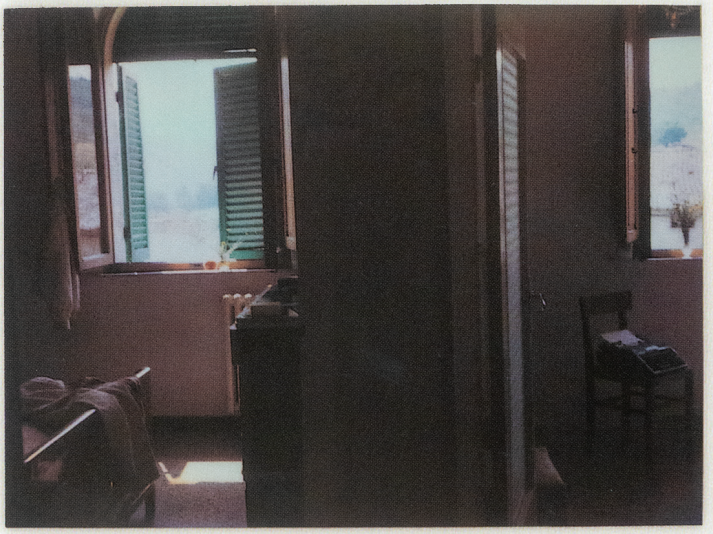


In my opinion, when we talk about God
making man in His own image and likeness,
we should understand that the likeness
has to do with His essence, and this is creation.
From this comes the possibility
Of evaluating a work and what it represents.
In short, the meaning of art
is the search for God in man.

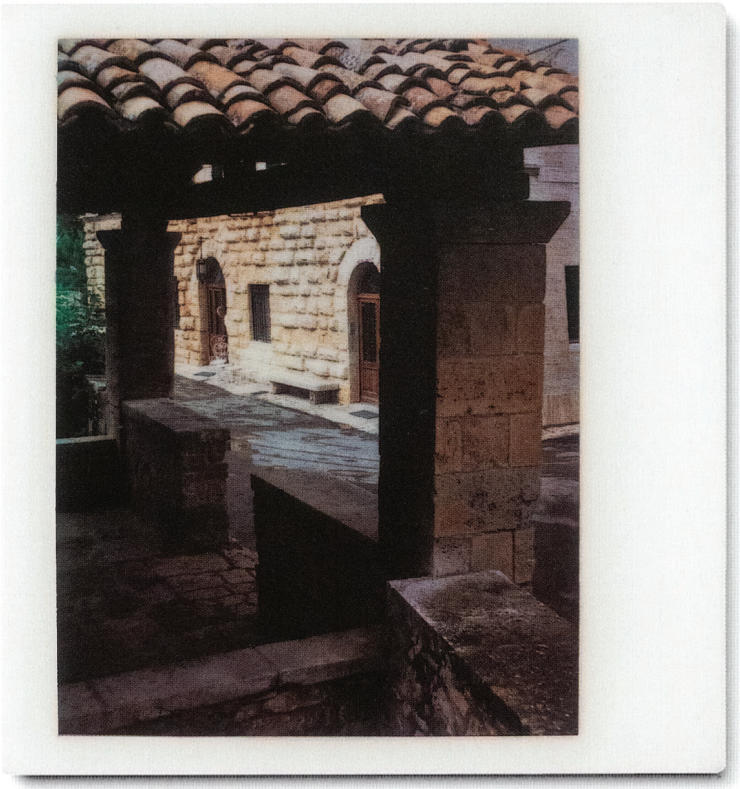


We are crucified on one plane,
while the world is many-dimensional.
We are aware of that
and are tormented by our inability
to know the truth.
But there is no need to know it!
We need to love.
And to believe.
Faith is knowledge with the help of love.

I do not know why – I remembered how,
when I was in Italy, I found an icon,
the *Vladimir Mother of God*,
displayed in the ancient little church on the seash
And how the trembling sweetness that I felt in my
seemed to arise from a kind of impatience,
the wait for some joyous event
that would surely come to pass.



Devoid of spirituality,
art carries its own tragedy within it.
For even to recognize the spiritual vacuum
of the times in which he lives,
the artist must have specific qualities
of wisdom and understanding.
The true artist always serves immortality,
striving to immortalize the world
and man within the world.



The first half of the film
will probably be set in Bagno Vignoni.
But not in the real place – in an invented one.
Where there is only the pool,
and everything is dilapidated,
more intimate, more provincial.
From the very beginning, everything
will take place near the pool by the hotel.
Therefore I shall have to recreate
the atmosphere of the place in detail.

An immense hope
penetrated my soul today.
I do not know what to call it:
simply happiness.
The hope that happiness is possible.
Ever since this morning,
the windows of my hospital room
are flooded with sunlight.
But this is not the reason
for my happiness: lo, it is the Lord!

Last night I dreamt that I had died.
But I could see, or rather feel,
what was going on around me.
I could feel that Lara was beside me,
and one of my friends.
I felt I had no strength or will,
I was only capable of witnessing
my own death, my own corpse.
Above all, I could feel in my dream
something long forgotten, something
that had not happened to me for a long time –
the feeling that it was not a dream but real.
It is such a powerful sensation
that a wave of sadness fills your soul,
of pity for yourself, and a strange,
as it were aesthetic way of seeing your own life.
When you feel compassion for yourself in that way,
it is as if your pain were someone else's,
and you are looking at it from outside,
weighing it up, and you are beyond
the bounds of what used to be your life.
It was as if my past life was a child's life,
without experience, unprotected.
Time ceases to exist, and fear.
An awareness of immortality.
I could see everyone very busy
because I had died.
And then I came back to life,
and no one was surprised.

Giovanni Chiaramonte

The Image as Remembrance

Seated on the railing of a balcony against a backdrop of pale birch trees, a handsome woman, her lips closed, gives a hint of a smile. A young soldier, his machine gun slung over his shoulder, stares ahead with an intense melancholy, his face stiffening under his bearskin cap, decorated with the five-pointed star of the Red Army. An old house, its logs worn and split by the passage of time, stands alone, immersed in the light, along the line of shadow at the edge of a wood.

These are Andrey Tarkovsky's most beloved black and white images, the ones crucial to his destiny: his mother Maria Ivanovna, his father Arseny, his childhood home at Ignatievo. Tarkovsky selected, reproduced, and pasted these and other photographs from his family album into a black diary he carried with him. A visual sequence of his life, a presence from the past that would accompany the director in his preparation and making of the film *The Mirror* and would stay with him, like a portable flashback that could be replayed again and again in moments of homesickness throughout his short life, right up to his exile in Italy and his death in Paris on December 29, 1986.

Acceptance of the history of the people and the family of his birth, acknowledgment of the cultural tradition in which he was raised, a profound love of the desire for freedom and the creativity of mankind, made in the image and semblance of God: these are the foundations of Tarkovsky's art. 'In all my films,' he wrote, 'it seemed to me important to try to establish the links which connect people...those links which connect

me with humanity, and all of us with everything that surrounds us. I need to have a sense that I myself am in this world as a successor, that there is nothing accidental about my being here. ...I always felt it important to establish that I myself belong to a particular tradition, culture, circle of people or ideas.'[1]

The vitality of his sense of belonging also comes from accepting, acknowledging and loving the little images of his own genealogy, these humble traces of daily life observed through memory, viewed by remembering. Just as the dream sequence that runs through *Ivan's Childhood*, awakens the little orphan to the sacrificial fulfilment of his destiny, so too does *The Mirror* reflect the decisive moments of the story by literally reconstructing those black and white photographs on the set as backgrounds for some of the scenes.

An instantaneous mirror of memory, every photograph leaves a motionless trace of what has been, a fixed imprint of something that is no longer what it was before, a silent simulacrum of someone who has disappeared forever from our field of vision. And, as a simple act of remembering, the photograph seems to testify only to the disappearance and death of people and of the feelings that bind us to them, of things and of the places where they belong.

Seen in this way, the act of remembrance is the recording of information imposed on the mind by exterior reality, according to the linear logic of necessity, the inexorable law of nature, the Euclidean mechanism of cause and effect that structures and governs human history in the shape of tragedy. The artist, Tarkovsky says, must be 'capable of going beyond the limitations of coherent logic, and conveying the deep complexity and truth of the impalpable connections and hidden phenomena of life;'[2] the deep and complex truth of a life in which he was raised as the heir of one of the greatest poets of the generation of Pasternak, Mandelshtam, Akhmatova and Tsvetaeva.

For the poet Arseny Tarkovsky, Andrey's father, 'death does not exist/ we are all immortal/ and everything is immortal. At seventeen/ one should not fear death, nor at seventy./ Being and light alone have reality, darkness and death have no existence./ We are all already on the shore of the sea/ and are among those who drag the nets/ while immortality gleams beside them./ Live in the house and it will not fall down./ I shall

call forth any century at all,/ to enter into it and build my house./ This is how your children and wives/ will sit with me at the table./ One sole table for ancestor and descendant./ The future is happening now.'[13]

Within this genealogy, Andrey Tarkovsky, Arseny's son, believes that 'an artistic image is one that ensures its own development. This image is a grain, a self-evolving retroactive organism. It is a symbol of actual life, as opposed to life itself. Life contains death. An image of life, by contrast, excludes it, or else sees in it a unique potential for the affirmation of life. Whatever it expresses – even destruction and ruin – the artistic image is by definition an embodiment of hope, it is inspired by faith. Artistic creation is by definition a denial of death. Therefore it is optimistic, even if in an ultimate sense the artist is tragic.'[14]

In this tradition, therefore, the act of remembering is an essential part of the creative act of the artist. Moved by the will and aware of the self, the act of remembering is a personal re-evocation that occurs within the dynamic of freedom: it is an act that enables us to face reality in all its aspects, and all the feelings, thoughts and decisions that human reality entails.

The act of remembering places the self at centre stage in the drama of freedom, the choice between good and evil, and allows it to channel its actions towards the enlightenment of life, rather than the desolation and destruction of death. For Andrey Tarkovsky, remembering is a choice of love and mercy, a gamble of faith and hope that liberates the heart from the pain of events that are now over, dead and finished, towards the openness of new and different way of life that is still connected to the present.

'I am drawn to the man who is ready to serve a higher cause, unwilling – or even unable – to subscribe to the generally accepted tenets of a worldly "morality",' Tarkovsky wrote. 'The man who recognizes that the meaning of existence lies above all in the fight against the evil within ourselves, so that in the course of a lifetime he may take at least one step towards spiritual perfection.'[15]

The workings of the heart that are triggered by remembering, through the objective facts of memory, allow the eyes to look beyond the Euclidean limits of appearance and to see, within mankind and the world, the truth of destiny, eventually bringing into focus a finished and definitive image of reality: an image as visibly alive and profound as the infinity and eternity mirrored in it. This image springs forth from the deepest heart of personal freedom and shines from within as the very foundation of human identity.

The image, then, creates, includes, and brings together in a single spatial and temporal plane its creator, the object represented, and the observer over the course of time. In this way, Andrey Tarkovsky can move

back and forth between film and photography, through his unique and ingenious invention of a dramatization of the optical image that has not only the tragedy of history but Time itself as its focal point.

'Time is necessary to man, so that, made flesh, he may be able to realize himself as a personality,' he states. 'But I am not thinking of linear time, meaning the possibility of getting something done, performing some action. The action is a result, and what I am considering is the cause which makes man incarnate in a moral sense. History is still not Time; nor is evolution. They are both consequences. Time is a state: the flame in which there lives the salamander of the human soul.'[6]

Because of its proximity to this poetic theory of vision, lying between the experience of time as an absolute and remembering as a creative act, Andrey Tarkovsky had extensive recourse to Polaroid photography in the last phase of his work: in Russia, in the period leading up to his decision

to leave his fatherland for good, and in Italy, when he made *Tempo di viaggio* (a film for Italian TV) and *Nostalgia*, searching for a place where he could build a home that was completely his own, a house that would hold not only his wife Larissa, who was by that time with him in exile, but also his son Andrey and their dog Dak, left distressingly far away, hostages of the Soviet regime.

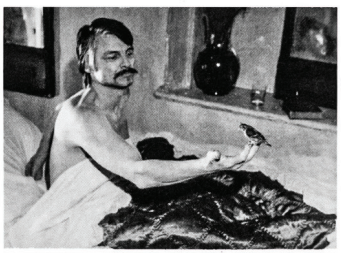
These colour images are even smaller than the black and white ones in his diary of memories; and yet, it is this small size, on the very edge of visibility, that brings forth all the force and poignancy of the light that shaped them with the eyes and heart of their creator, by requiring the humble gesture of drawing close and bending attentively over them.

A soft, suffused light floating like the fog over the fields of the immense plain around Myasnoye, watched over by Dak. Evening light reflected, lighter than the sky, in the water along the bank of the Parà River where the boy Andrey plays with the dog. A low, raking light given off by the grass in the woods and encircling, like a halo, Larissa standing on the threshold of their house in Russia or by a wall on a street in Italy. A crystalline light, penetrating the darkness in the rooms, revealing the silent immobility of everything and everyone: the flowers in the vases, the water in the pitchers, the fruit in the dishes, the chairs in the halls, his wife, his son, the actor Anatoly Solonitsyn, the screenwriter Tonino Guerra writing intently at a desk or sitting in rapt silence inside a church. A light as strong as the energy of the sun, reflected off a valley in Lazio or the façade of

a church by the Saint Catherine pool in Bagno Vignoni, throwing everything into shadow.

In the absence of a horizon, of a vanishing point ending in infinity as in Western linear perspective, the light silhouettes every image's central figure in the manner – entirely Orthodox and Eastern – of reversed perspective, and places it within the definitive moment of remembering. It becomes a glimpse of the destiny that lies in the future and nostalgia for the infinite end, rather than regret for what is irreparably past and unreachably distant. The unbroken moment that comes to life within the images of Andrey Tarkovsky's films and his Polaroid photographs is transfigured and becomes an unbroken moment of contemplation for those of us who look at them, making every image become a part of our lives, a memory of our own personal experience.

The winged figure of an angel comes to rest, luminous in the surrounding darkness, like a visible presence of heaven on earth: a presence hidden by a veil, a presence that cannot be described except by the action of showing another invisible presence to our watching gaze.



On the set of the film *The Mirror*, Andrey Tarkovsky included himself in one scene, lying in a hospital bed and holding a tiny bird on his right hand. And this is what happened to him at the end of his life: in his sickroom in Paris, the room where he died, a little bird would fly every morning through the open window and come to light on him.

Notes

1. Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time*, translated by Kitty Hunter-Blair, London, 1986, pp. 192–193.

2. Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time*, p. 21.

3. Arseny Tarkovsky, 'Life Life', in *La steppa [The Steppe]*, Pistoia, 1998, p. 9. This poem is recited by the poet's voice during the sequence when the soldiers of the Red Army are crossing Lake Sivas.

4. Andrey Tarkovsky, *Time Within Time: The Diaries 1970–1986*, translated by Kitty Hunter-Blair, London, 1994, p. 91.

5. Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time*, p. 209.

6. Andrey Tarkovsky, *Sculpting in Time*, p. 57.

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Giovanni Chiaramonte

Born in 1948 in Varese to parents from Gela in Sicily, Giovanni Chiaramonte began taking photographs in the late 1960s, working towards a return to the figurative form after the great abstract and informal trends of pop art and conceptual art. From the beginning, Chiaramonte's images have followed in the theological and aesthetic tradition of Hans Urs von Balthasar and the Eastern Church, also encountered in the work of Paul Evdokimov, Olivier Clément, and Andrey Tarkovsky, and centre around the relationship between place and destiny in Western civilization.

Among his works are *Giardini e paesaggi*, 1983; *Terra del ritorno*, 1989; *Penisola delle figure,* 1993; *Westwards*, 1996; *Milano: Cerchi della città di mezzo,* 2000; *In corso d'opera,* 2000; *Frammenti dalla Rocca*, 2002; and *Dolce è la luce*, 2003.

Tonino Guerra

Tonino Guerra, born in Santarcangelo di Romagna in 1920, is one of the most original writers of his generation. His narrative talents have provided screenplays for film directors as diverse as Theo Angelopoulos, Michelangelo Antonioni, Vittorio De Sica, Federico Fellini, Mario Monicelli, Francesco Rosi, and the Taviani brothers, as well as Andrey Tarkovsky.

Among his novels are *L'equilibrio*, 1967; *I guardatori della luna*, 1981; and *La pioggia tiepida*, 1984. His poems in Italian and in dialect are included in several major anthologies. Since 1989 he has lived in Pennabilli, a small town in the Montefeltro area, which through his presence has become an important centre for contemporary art.

Andrey Tarkovsky

Andrey Tarkovsky was born on April 4, 1932, in Zavrazhe, the son of the poet Arseny Tarkovsky and Maria Ivanovna Vishniakova. Teaching from his mother and the example of his father introduced him to the tradition of Russian realism, embodied by Gogol and Dostoevsky. After finishing high school in 1954, he went through a serious crisis and, at his mother's initiative, was sent on a botanical and geological research expedition to Siberia, a crucial experience for him in the boundlessness of the great Russian land. On his return he enrolled in the Moscow Film School, studying particularly closely the teaching of Mikhail Romm and receiving his diploma in 1960 with the short feature, *The Steamroller and the Violin*. His first work, *Ivan's Childhood*, received the Golden Lion in 1962 at the Venice Film Festival. He then filmed *Andrey Rublev*, completed in 1966, but released only five years later after a long struggle with Soviet censors. During the filming of *Andrey Rublev* he met Larissa Pavlovna Egorkina, whom he married shortly thereafter; it was his second marriage. Their son, Andrey, was born in 1970. He then began making films again, creating with increasing difficulty *Solaris* in 1972, *The Mirror* in 1974, and *Stalker* in 1979. The friendship and esteem of Tonino Guerra enabled Tarkovsky to come with his wife to work in Italy, where he decided to settle permanently in 1981. He then made *Tempo di viaggio* (in Italian) and *Nostalgia* in 1983, which won an award at the Cannes Film Festival. His last work was *The Sacrifice*, filmed in Sweden in the summer of 1985 and edited during the sudden illness that overtook him at the end of that year. The terminal nature of his illness enabled his son Andrey to be released by the Soviet authorities who had been holding him hostage. In the last year of his life he managed to finish the book *Sculpting in Time*. He died in exile in Paris on December 29, 1986. His funeral was celebrated in the Orthodox cathedral in Paris, accompanied by the music of Bach played by Mstislav Rostropovich. At his own request, Andrey Tarkovsky's body rests in the Orthodox cemetery of Sainte-Géneviève-des-Bois, near Paris.

Andrey Tarkovsky was a Russian director, writer and actor. He is regarded as one of the most important and influential filmmakers of the Soviet era in Russia and one of the greatest in movie history. Among his films are *Solaris*, *Mirror*, *Stalker* and *Nostalghia*. He died in 1986.

Giovanni Chiaramonte is a distinguished Italian photographer. His images center around the relationship between place and destiny in Western civilization, a theme he shares with Andrey Tarkovsky.

Tonino Guerra's narrative talents have provided screenplays for film directors as diverse as Theo Angelopoulos, Michelangelo Antonioni, Vittorio De Sica, Frederico Fellini and the Taviani brothers, as well as Andrey Tarkovsky.

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